WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 51] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1805. [WHOLE No. 155

THE WITCH OF THE WOLD.

By Charlotte Smith.

ON a wild and dreary tract of country on the borders of Westmoreland, called a wold, which is in some places a sort of hilly heath, in others a black and marshy moor, there was a solitary cottage, built by a man who passed for a very odd person: some said he was a madman, others that he had committed a murder, and others supposed him to be a spy—though no place could be so ill calculated as that he had chosen for the exercise of such a profession.

The peasantry of the neighbouring country had an extreme dread of him for none knew how he lived, and none had ever been admitted to his cottage where it was supposed he resided by himself. There was a wood adjoining to the wold on the side next his abode and through part of it lay the road to a market, at eight miles distance: this wood, which had formerly belonged to the large domain of an ancient family now gone to decay, had a very ill name. An human skeleton had been found in it, and some of the most sagacious of the neighboring countrymen had hinted, that these remains where those of the person whom the strange man had killed; yet in the paths of this gloomy wood, and crossing the wold towards it, late of a night as they returned from market, this mysterious being, was often met by the terrified rustics. He passed them sometimes in silence, at other times bade them good night, in an hollow voice, which they declared was not human. The dread he inspired was at length such, that many of the people whose business led them that way, were used to cross a dangerous ford rather than go through this wood, or venture an evening meeting with "the strange man." This continued for some years: attempts were made by some of the farmers to get warrants against him to take him up; but as he was perfectly inoffensive, never troubled himself with them, and never solicited parish assistance, there was no justice who would grant it—till at length a weak and and arrogant man, who loved to show his power, issued one: but just as the people who were to serve it reached the wold, a storm arose so violent and unusual in its effects, that the constable and his followers, convinced of the supernatural power of the Strange Man, fled in dismay, and thought themselves fortunate that they were not carried quite away in a whirlwind, which they doubted not he had raised by magic, to defeat their purpose.

The empty and half ruined manor-house, to which the wood had formerly belonged, was also a subject of terror to those superstitious people. It had not been inhabited for many years; but a grange or farm-yard adjoining to it was rented by a farmer, whose men declared that in those nights of winter, when they had occasion to stay late in these buildings about the farm-yard, they saw lights gliding about the old house, heard unaccountable noises—and even went so far as to relate, that they saw by moon-light, a pale and ghastly face at one of the windows. The man was seen frequently stealing about among the ruins of the old buildings, and those who had courage enough to gaze at him, even at a distance, observed that he became more and more emaciated in his appearance: sometimes he suddenly rushed out of th the wood, and passed across the path before some affrighted peasant. At length that part of the country was almost entirely deserted: the market people made another way, to avoid the wold and the wood: but such as had, after a time, courage to pass declared that the strange man was gone. None now saw him, and yet a little smoke sometimes ascended from the chimney of the cottage. Some persons, whose curiosity got the better of their fears, took occasion to peep in at the window, and said they plainly distinguished an old woman of very frightful appearance. An itinerant dealer in fish, who travelled that country, was the only person that knew now who resided in the cottage: he carried some provisions thither once a week; but the mystery he observed and the strange stories he invented, as if

with a purpose to mislead curiosity, served only to irritate the violent desire which some of the farmer's wives and other gossips had to find out who the person was whom they now chose to call "the witch of the wold."

It happened about this time that an infectious distemper broke out in that country among the cattle, and several of the farmers were intirely ruined. Instead of rationally considering the cause of this, and of endeavoring to cure it by such remedies as common sense pointed out, they took it into their heads that the poor solitary being whom they called "the witch of the wold," had brought this calamity upon them; and without waiting for the interposition of justice, they assembled in a body with pitchforks and staves, and surrounded her house: she opened the door to them and they rushed in.

They found in this hut, which merely consisted of two ground rooms, several things that confirmed their opinion: there was a mariner's compass, a quadrant, and some other mathematical instruments; several books, in languages they could make nothing of and which they therefore concluded treated of the black art. There were some shells and dried plants, and insects, which they were sure were collected as materials for the sorceress, and the only living animals were two cats; but every thing else was more necessary furniture and not better than that which they themselves possessed. The appearance of the old woman, however, would have been enough to have convicted her: she was thin and pale, bent almost double, and her countenance, furrowed with wrinkles, expressed a sort of wild melancholy, which her persecutors believed an evidence of guilt. The poor creature submitted almost without a remonstrance to their cruel usage; and to their fierce interrogatories as to what was become of the man who once lived in the cottage? She answered, that after having kept his bed many months, he died; and she had, according to his own desire, buried him on the wold, near their hut.

She was then extremely ill treated and almost tortured, because she refused to tell who he was. She said that she had solemnly sworn never to reveal it; that they might kill her if they would, but that nothing she could suffer should induce her to disclose a secret, which, to know, would be of no use to them, while it would be breaking a promise she held sacred.

They accused her of having occasioned all the misfortunes that had lately happened in their neighbourhood. One woman said, that her poor little Jacky's fits had come upon him the very day after he had passed over the wold, and that he had then received a stroke from an evil eye; another declared that her only cow had grazed one day upon the wold, and had sickened and directly died; and a third, a laborer, asserted, that at the time the lightning fired his master's hay-stack, he had seen this very old woman ride through the air on a broomstick.

Numberless other charges were brought against her, and they were proceeding to tie her legs and arms and throw her into the river, it being decided that if she swam in that situation she was certainly a witch: so that the poor creature undergoing such a discipline had in no case a chance for her life; for, if she was thus convicted of witchcraft, she would be tortured to death; if she sunk, she would inevitably be drowned.

But just as this misled multitude had dragged their unresisting victim to the river's brink, a gentleman of the country, as eminent for his intelligence as his humanity, passed by; and enquiring what was the occasion of the riotous assemblage he saw, he interfered immediately, and, being equally loved and respected, rescued the poor old victim of popular folly from the hands of her barbarous persecutors. His charitable interposition, however, came too late; though she was carried immediately to his house, put to bed and carefully attended, she had already suffered too much from the rude inhumanity of the mob; and in about three days she died, giving into the hands of her generous protector the key of a drawer in the cottage, where she told him he would find a written account of her unfortunate companion, and of herself—It was only the authority of this gentleman that prevented the villagers from plundering the hut; where as he had been directed, he found the following paper:——

(To be continued.)

MILITARY ANECDOTES

(From the Military Mentor.)

Being a series of letters recently written by a General Officer to his Son.

ON HUMANITY.

(Continued from page 395)

Henry IV. of France, while besieging Paris, which the inhabitants had put in possession of his enemies, suffered all who were willing to quit that obstinate and deluded capital to pass through his army, adding, "I am not astonished that the heads of the league and the Spaniards have so little pity upon those poor people; they are only their tyrants; but for me, who am their father and their king, I cannot bear the recital of what they suffer from famine and pestilence without horror, and without desiring to alleviate it."

James II. after having been forced to abdicate the throne of England, and remaining for some time an exile abroad landed in Ireland with a body of foreign troops, which were joined by considerable numbers of the natives. King William, in person, led his forces against the deposed Monarch; and an engagement between the two armies ensued on the banks of the Boyne. James, who was a witness of the action from an adjacent hill, seeing a temporary success gained by his party, cried out, "Oh spare my English subjects!"

As bright an example occurs of humanity in an individual toward a descendant of this last mentioned unfortunate monarch.

After the defeat of Prince Charles, son of the Pretender, at Culloden, and the dispersion of his little army, this young adventurer, who had already experienced so many disasters, wandered, without succor, sometimes with two companions of his misfortunes, sometimes with only one, and at length quite alone, pursued incessantly by those who wished to gain the price set upon his head. Having one day travelled ten leagues on foot, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, he entered the house of a man whom he knew not to be in his interests. "The son of your king (says he to him) is come to ask of you bread and cloathing. I know very well that you are my enemy; but I believe you so much

a man of honor, as not to abuse my confidence and my misfortunes.—Take the wretched tatters that now cover me; preserve them; and you may, perhaps, one day bring them to me to the palace of the kings of Great Britain." The gentleman, impressed with the proper sensation at this occurrence, gave him every succor that his situation allowed, and kept the secret inviolable.

Some time afterward, this same gentleman was accused of having afforded an asylum in his house to Prince Charles, and was cited before the judges to answer this accusation. He presented himself to them with a firmness that virtue alone can give, and thus addressed them: Allow me, before I am interrogated upon this matter, to ask you, which of you, if the son of the Pretender had taken refuge under your roof, would have had the baseness and the cowardice to betray him." At this question, the tribunal broke up, and the accused person was dismissed.

The following anecdote exhibits a most admirable example of humanity on one side, and of heroical greatness of mind on the other. In the late war, a republican general besieging one of the fortresses in Germany, received a message that the commander was willing to capitulate. A cartel of capitulation was accordingly proposed, and the two commanders, accompanied by their officers, attended. A proposal was made by the commander of the fortress to save the emigrants. The French general expressed, in the most animated terms, his regret that he was not master of the fate of these unfortunate members of society, since the commissaries of the convention with his army would not consent to any thing in their favor. It was then proposed to suffer two loaded waggons to depart from the town unsearched; but this was objected to on the same grounds.

Lastly, an emigrant officer addressed the republican commander. "General (said he,) from your generous feelings I expect that you will save me immediately: I speak German as well as if I were a native of Germany, and if you will give me a certificate that I was a German and a spy, I shall be safe! The general wrote the desired certificate, & presented it with these words: "May it save your life—and my head from the guillotine!" The noble emigrant, taking the paper, and tearing it to pieces, said —I will never accept of so precious and so dear a present."

In the moment of triumph, the intoxication of success may excuse all sensibility to the loss of those multitudes who fall in the heat of the combat; but when the battle is decided, it belongs only to the most ferocious and cruel natures to pursue further the shedding of blood. Generous spirits feel then no other impulse than compassion, and the most impetuous courage instantly yields with pleasure to the sweeter influence of humanity. Did even the strongest reasons exist for irritation against the enemy, the truly brave man will consider it as mean and cowardly to take away the life of him whom he has vanquished and disarmed.

The duke de Chartres, afterwards duke of Orleans and regent of France, took incredible pains, after an action, to help the wounded of each party into the waggons. "After the combat is over (said he), their are no longer enemies upon the field of battle."

A noble individual instance of humanity is that of the admirable Sir Philip Sidney, at the battle near Zutphen, where he displayed the most undaunted courage. He had two horses killed under him; and, whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musket shot out of the trenches, which broke the bones of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half, on horseback to the camp; and, being faint with the loss of blood, & probably parched with thirst, through the heat of the weather, he called for drink, It was presently brought him; but, as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked up to it with wishful eyes. The gallant and generous Sidney, took the bottle from his mouth, just when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying—"His necessity is yet greater than mine."

Never forget, my son, the following maxim, which, though invariably true, is too little regarded, namely. "that for us to be completely happy, those about us must be allowed to be happy also." Be cautious of unnecessarily making one individual wretched; the remorse that will follow upon such a crime will poison all your future days.

To reflect justly is a function of the mind, to feel sensibly the impulse of these reflections, is the pleasure of the heart; but to find our own happiness in that of others, this surely is the most exquisite and refined delight of which human nature is susceptible.

A SINGULAR CUSTOM IN GALLA,

A nation bordering on Abyssinia.

Extracted from Bruce's travels into the interior of Africa,

POLYGAMY is allowed among them but the men are commonly content with one wife—Such indeed, is their moderation in this respect, that it is the women that sollicit the men to increase the number of their wives. The love of their children soon gets a speedy ascendancy over passion and pleasure, and is a noble part of the character of these savages that ought not to be forgot. A young woman, having a child or two by her husband intreats and sollicits him that he would take another wife, when she names to him all the beautiful girls of her acquaintance, especially those that she thinks likeliest to have large families. After the husband has made his choice, she goes to the tent of the young woman, and sits behind it in a supplicant posture, till she has excited the attention of the family within. She then, with an audible voice declares who she is; that she is a daughter of such a one; that her husband has all the qualifications for making a woman happy; that she has only two children by him; and, as her family is so small, she comes to sollicit their daughter for her husband's wife, that their families may be joined together, and be strong and that her children, from their being few in number, may not fall a prey to their enemies in the day of battle; for the Galla always fight in families whether against one another or against other enemies.

When she has thus obtained a wife for her husband, she carries her home, puts her to bed with her husband, where, having left her, she feasts with the bride's relations. There the children of the first marriage are produced, and the men of the bride's family put each of their hands upon these children's heads,

and afterwards take the oath in the usual manner, to live and die with them as their own offspring. The children then, after this species of adoption go to their relations, and visit them for the space of seven days. All that time the husband remains at home in possession of his new bride; at the end of which he gives a feast, when the first wife is seated by her husband, and the young one serves the company. The first from that day keeps her precedence; and the second is treated by the first wife like a grown up daughter. I believe it would be very long before the love of their families would introduce this custom among the young women of Britain.

From an English publication.

STEPHEN SORROWFUL'S LAMENTATION.

Mr. Editor,

I am that insulated being called an Old Bachelor; a creature wearisome to myself and beloved by no one. I have spent the noon of my days in a single state, from a dread of incurring the expenses incident to a married life, with a woman who had nothing; and now sorely do I repent that I had not generosity enough to overlook this consideration in favor of a charming girl that I truly loved, and who wanted nothing but fortune to recommend her. I was formerly clerk to her father, when a merchant of great respectability, but some years after greatly reduced by the unfortunate turn of affairs in the late contest between us and America. When he failed I was settled in the world, and might have saved his amiable girl from many a year of fatigue and distress into which their poverty immersed them; but with a *sang froid* for which I now detest myself, I then stood aloof, tore my thoughts from the sweet Eliza, and driving forward into the heart of the city, determined to lose myself in the recesses of counting houses and the accumulation of money; thus avoiding all the expenses of a family, for which I deemed the society of an elegant and affectionate woman by no means an equivalent. Alas! Mr. Editor, I now see how I miscalculated; how much such a partnership would have been for my advantage in the long run. I now put the mutual participation of pleasure and pain the endearments of our children, what a flattering interest which Eliza would have taken in me (for whom, by the way, nobody cares a straw;) I put all these on the credit side of the ledger, and find in the opposite side only such a portion of expenses as I have actually brought upon myself, by being drawn to give tavern dinners, and a thousand other extravagancies that young men know not how to avoid. You will easily see, when a just account is made out, what I have gained, or what I have lost—Instead of the bright hearth and smiling faces of my family, instead of sitting down in the midst of beings who owe life to me, and portioning out their little meal with the delicious sensations of a father, I take my solitary chop at the coffee house, and afterwards saunter to the theatre, where venal beauty spreads her net, and I am caught! Alas! here is no mind, here is no modesty to make sentiment interesting.—After having seen a public entertainment with Eliza, with what delight might we have passed the remainder of the evening! her taste and sensibility would have made us live the hours over again with additional pleasure; her bosom would have been my harbor in the storms of life, and there should have been found resources from *ennui* in the calm season of prosperity; in the day of sickness her voice would have whispered comfort, and in my dying hour, the pure invocation of my children might have availed me at the throne of grace. What a sad reckoner I have been, Mr. Editor! I am now as grey as a badger, and have not a single relative in the world; I have long retired from business, but my fortune brings me no enjoyment, my dog leads nearly as rational a life; I eat, and drink, and sleep, alternately as he does, for I now fear to become the prey of some indigent dame, who would overlook my grey hair and infirmities, in consideration of coming in for a third of my wealth, and therefore avoid much commerce with the sex, from which, though I might once have derived happiness, I can only expect trick, or at least ridicule. But what can a man do who has let avarice run away with him in his youth, when all the social affections would have been at their outposts to prevent it? All that remains for such a man (after the example of a culprit going to execution) is to warn the multitude how they fall into this error; to assure them that the good which is not participated is not half enjoyed; and those who abandon a young woman from motives like mine, as they do not deserve happiness, so they never will obtain it. And moreover, Mr. Editor, if you print this, please to add, that an equal mixture of love and prudence forms the only and most delicious conserve, they will have the faculty of relishing all their life long; either, taken separately is prejudicial; one being too austere, and the other too sweet: they must be blended, to render them happily effective, and if any persons have skill enough to make up the composition after my receipt, I shall not have bemoaned myself, nor you have inserted this in vain.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

STEPHEN SORROWFUL.

[From the Balance.]

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

LOVELY CREATURES,

TAKE well this advice, formed to wipe off blemishes in your conduct; some of which are rather the fault of your situation in the world and your education, than your natural disposition. If you would be truly valuable, estimate not yourselves chiefly according to your money or land, but on the graces of your persons and minds. I advise you to read a little more;—read divinity, morality, history, innocent poetry, and if you like, the stories of prudent, generous love. You dress well, and have the belle air and mien; be as polite in your language as in your dress, and learn to write a style, I mean to be able to write on all occasions, not as scholars, but as gentlewomen. As you are ingenious, a little application forms you good house-wives; but to improve the beauties of the mind and carriage will cost you more. Blend both accomplishments together, and not as some be mutes and statues in company; nor as others, perpetual larums. No longer be won by faces with brainless heads, or silk stockings with runaway legs within them—Neither mistake a very low bow for pure good manners, nor a powdered, tortured head, with a short foppish tail, for gentillity—nor a fool that wears pantaloons that button up under his chin, trim'd off with a gross or two of velvet binding, and a vest about six inches long, for an independent fortune—nor servile cringing

for true love. Above all, do not mistake wit for wisdom, but cast a benign and tender eye on him who has steady, manly virtue and prudence in his conduct, and gives fair hopes of minding at heart the main chance. Do not take an affront, and report slander about any person without a just reason, for nothing is more unbecoming and disagreeable in society; and I presume to say that many of you find it so by experience.

To conclude, I inform you that a party of ladies at the next house talk so fast, and laugh so uncommonly loud, that I am obliged to stop to admire the blessings of strong lungs!

Extract from the Journal of a Balloonist.

PASSING a cloud, I put out my hand and took a piece of it, and squeezed it like a sponge, and the water ran out. The sun went north-about, but never set. At the distance of about fifty leagues above the earth, we saw a white bird sitting on the corner of a cloud: We took it to be one of Mahomet's pigeon's: If we had had a gun, we could have shot it. Passing by the moon, we saw a fellow selling land at auction: He wished us to give a bid; but we told him *we* had not come to buy lands in the *moon*.

We came across a comet; but it was asleep: It looked like a tarapin, but had a tail like a fox. We came near a hail-bank, and filled a hat to bring down with us: The hail-stones were about as large as pigeons' eggs.

A thousand miles above the earth, we passed through a field of turkey-buzzards: This would seem to be their region, and accounts for the circumstance that no one has ever found a nest of one of them: these rookeries are out of sight in the atmosphere.

As we approached one of the heavenly bodies, it appeared like an island. We struck upon a planet: *Blanchard* got out and pushed off the balloon:—We supposed it to be Mercury, as we heard orators haranguing, and a multitude of tongues. There were marriages going on in Venus, and in Mars we heard the drums beat. In Jupiter we heard swearing—O Jupiter! by Jupiter! &c. We meant to have a pull at one of Saturn's rings; but were blown off the coast, and found ourselves in the latitude of Herschel. Provisions failing, we thought proper to shape our course towards the earth again. The first thing we saw was the Ardennes, which appeared like a shamrock, and the Pyrenean mountains appeared like a bed of parsley. Within about a furlong of the earth, Blanchard gave me the parachute, and I came down.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

AMONG a number of instances that I have heard of Dr. Monsey's absence of mind, I shall relate one which he frequently mentioned, and laughed at very heartily, when in a good humor, at the same time observing, that his brother was as bad as himself:——The Doctor being once on a visit to his brother in Norfolk, in the beginning of the winter, and intending to set off for London the next day, his brother proposed to go and shoot wild ducks early in the morning, that he might take two or three couple fresh killed to London with him. The servant had orders to clean the long fowling piece, get plenty of powder and shot, and to goose-grease their boots.—Every thing being in readiness, according to their desire, about an hour before day-light the Doctor and his brother set off for the place where the ducks resort, in order to be there by break of day, when they generally take wing to go to feed. They had walked nearly three miles; and it having rained in the night, the clay-mud wall was very dirty and greasy, when they heard the cry of the ducks. They were now obliged to get over the wall and a gate, across a sluice into the marsh, where the ducks were. The rain had raised the water about a foot. It was then proposed that one should go over, and the other remain behind. —Says the Doctor, "George, do you go over, for I have forgotten my boots." —"By G—d, Doctor, so have I," said his brother; "but we won't lose our sport as we have come thus far," So both waded through, and got over the gate into the marsh! and advancing along the fleet, they at length perceived the ducks.—"You are near enough George," said the Doctor.—"Aye," replied George, "I think we are not above an hund ed yards off."—"Why then fire," says the Doctor.—"Do you fire," returned George.—"Why, I have not got the gun, do you fire-"—"I fire! why d—n it, I have not got the gun," said his brother, "I thought you had it. What a fine opportunity is lost? here are no less than thirty ducks within shot and neither of us have got the gun!" Thus, after rising very early, walking at least three miles in a most dirty place, along the salt marshes, and wading mid leg in water above fifty yards, they found that they had both forgot to take the gun as well as their boots.

A MANAGER.

DAGGER MARR, who was ever wrangling with the managers of Drury-Lane Theatre, was very fond of taking bread in his pocket and feeding the ducks in St. James' Park; one day, while he thought himself unnoticed, he observed one of the ducks swim about as swift as any three of them, and gobble up so much of the bread, that Dagger roared out loud enough to be heard by Garrick, who was not far behind him——"*Get out of that, you gobbling rascal, I perceive you are a manager.*"

A PRINCE BISHOP

AN Archbishop of Strasburgh marching once at the head of a military force, a countryman who met them on the road burst into a violent fit of laughter. "What do you laugh at, friend?" said the prelate. "Why, please your eminence," replied the fellow, I cannot but laugh to see an Archbishop, a successor of the peaceable apostles, marching at the head of a train of soldiers. "Aye," returned the other, but I do not head these soldiers as an archbishop, but as a Prince of Strasburgh." at this the countryman laughed louder than before, and on being asked the reason, replied, "why I am thinking, if *the prince of Strasburgh* should chance to go to the devil, what will become of the *archbishop!*"

GENDER OF VIRTUE AND VICE.

A Lady endeavored to prove the superiority of her sex, in saying, that virtue was feminine, and vice of the masculine gender. A gentleman observed, that virtue was feminine, because espoused by man; and *vice-versa*.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, September 21, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the death of 89 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 8—Malignant Fever 35—flux infantile 13—convulsions 4—debility 3—dysentary 3—still born 3—decay 2—bilious fever 2—inflammation of the liver 2—measles 2—sudden death 2—cholic, diarrhœa, drowned, typhus fever, gravel, hives, old age, palsy, teething, whooping cough, 1 of each.

Of whom 30 were men, 26 women, 20 boys and 13 girls.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH,

September 15*th*

Since the last report there have occurred, 15 cases of malignant fever, and 9 deaths, viz.

John Rodermond, 5 Pine street.
Henry G. Shultz, from Water street, at 52 Cherry.
Joyce Vantassel, 2 Leonard street
William Young, from 102 Water st. Budd street.
Hugh Jackson, from 121 Water st. 4 Roosevelt street.
Lewis Nichols, 308 Broadway.
Peter Barry, from 26 Augustus street, at Bellevue.
Catherine Finney, from 11 do. do.
Alexander Wilson, from 105 William street, do

September 16.

Since the last report there have occurred, 16 cases of malignant fever and 9 deaths, viz.

John Feeney, 11 Budd street
John King, 86 Chamber street
William Ellis, 9 Dover street
John Phyfe, 80 Wall street
David Frazer, 8 Batavia Lane
Rachael Smith, Depeyster street
—— Newkirk, 16 Rose street
John Fleming, Pingrees Alley, at Bellevue

September 17.

Since the last report, there have occurred 14 new cases of Malignant fever, and 7 deaths, viz.

Everard Benjamin, 78 Broad street
Phœbe Johnson, Leonard, near Chapel street
Ann Boles, 80 Reed street
John Van Wart, North Catherine st
David Jones, from 46 Division, Bellevue
Wm, Smith, from 100 Water-street, at Bellevue.
James Smith, from Orchard, corner of Grand, Bellevue

September 18*th.*

Since the last report there have occurred seven new cases of Malignant fever and three deaths, viz.

Dominick Lively, 64 Front street
James Bazen, 34 Robinson street
Maria Miller, from Front, Greenwich-street, above Tyler's

September 19th.

Since the last report have ocurred 7 cases of Malignant fever and 8 deaths, viz.

John Maxwell, Crosby street
John Thomas, 46 Chapel street
Mr. Stewart, 88 Water street
Lewis Baehr, from 151 Pearl, Hammond street, Greenwich
James Harvey, from 90 Front, Bellevue
William Knowland, from Pearl, do
Henry Lenke, Cross street, do
Nanney Sweeney, 29 George st. do

September 20th

Since the last report have occurred 8 cases of malignant fever and 4 deaths, viz.

Caleb Smith, from 16 Marketfield st.
Fourth, corner of Delancy street
John Long, Bayard street
Mary Brown, 65 Roosevelt street
John Underwood, Elizabeth street

September 21st

Since the last report there have occurred 8 new cases of malignant fever, and 2 deaths, viz.

James Fitzpatrick, 152 Front street
James Gilchrist, 30 Lumber street

NEW-YORK Board of Health.

September 15th.

The Board have formed a decided opinion, that the principal seat of the prevailing disease is that part of the city included between Burling slip and Old slip, as far west as Pearl street. Almost all the cases of disease which have occurred, can be distinctly traced to a communication with that part of the city. It is matter of extreme regret, that the repeated admonition of the Board, to remove from this quarter, have been disregarded by a number of individuals who have remained the self devoted victims of disease and death.—— They conceive it their duty, again, to enjoin it upon their fellow citizens who have continued there, to remove immediately. To obviate every plea of necessity, and to discharge the duties they owe to humanity, the Board have erected Buildings for the reception and accommodation of the indigent, at Bellevue Gate, where they will be supplied with provision by the Commissioners of the Alms House.

Such as are able to remove, without assistance, are enjoined to go into the country, and not in the healthy parts of the city. The Board will consider it their duty, to interpose and prevent such removals, which have excited the apprehensions of a number of worthy citizens who regard their health, exposed thereby to imminent danger. Persons have been engaged in those practices who ought to know better, and who unless their conduct be changed, will become the objects of severe reprehension and public indignation. All persons who do not comply, forthwith, with this advice of the Board, to remove from the above described part of the city, which is deemed the principal seat of the disease, and which does not contain more than thirty three acres, will be considered guilty of a wanton exposure of their lives, and will justify the Board in resorting to compulsory measures.

DEWITT CLINTON, Pres.
JAMES HARDIE, Sec.

WONDERFUL.

A few days ago, a gentleman, residing about half a mile from Charleston s. c. observed a cobweb, in a corner of his room, much agitated: Upon going up to it, he saw a *Mouse* entangled in the web, and a large spider upon the head of the Mouse. After a few struggles, the Mouse expired!

LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS.

FOR JULY.

Full Dresses.—A long dress of colored silk, with a short dress over it, of crape or leno; the bottom and sleeves trimmed with lace. A cap of white lace, ornamented with a wreath of flowers the color of the dress. White kid shoes. A short under dress of blossom-colored silk, covered with a long dress of British lace, or flowered leno; the sleeves rather full, and fastened on the top of the arm with a broach or medallion. A cap of apple-blossom silk, covered with lace, and a deep lace border. A bunch of roses in front. White gloves and shoes.

Promenade dresses.—A long dress of cambrick muslin, with a black lace shawl. A small round cap of colored silk, covered with leno, and ornamented with bows. A round dress of plain or worked muslin. A cloak of fine white muslin, with a piece of lace let into the back. A straw hat ornamented with flowers. York tan gloves. A dress of fine white muslin, with a long Spanish cloak, tied close round the neck, lined with colored silk, and trimmed all round with white lace. A gipsey straw hat, with a wreath of red roses in front. Nankeen shoes.

General observations.—Apple-blossom, primrose, lilack, and yellow, continue to be the favorite colors. Straw hats of every description are universally worn. Caps are also much used. Lace was never so much worn as at present, every part of the dress is ornamented with it. The hair continues to be dressed as last month.

The Office of the Weekly Visitor is removed to Hammond-st, about 5 doors west of the Banks, and nearly oppositeW. & R. Bruce

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening, at Newtown, (L. I.) Mr. John T. Lawrence, merchant of this city, to Miss Eliza Remsen, daughter of Simon Remsen, esq. of that place.

DEATHS.

THE sad aspect of this paper accompanies the more sad intelligence of the death of Mr. *WILLIAM YOUNG*, printer, one of the proprietors of this publication.—He died with the prevalent malignant fever after a distressing illness of four days in the 28th year of his age, on Sunday afternoon the 15th inst. In him his surviving colleague has lost an active useful partner and a sincere friend, his wife a provident and affectionate husband, his associates a valuable companion, and the world an honest man.

Of the prevailing fever, at Greenwich, on Saturday morning, Mr. John Hyde, well known as the keeper of the Tontine Coffee House.

Same day, at Greenwich, of the fever, Mr. Thomas E. Rumsey, merchant.

Last week, at Newtown, (L. I.) of malignant fever, Mr. Francis Wainwright, druggist.

At Hempstead, (L. I.) of malignant fever, Mr. John Marvin, grocer.

On Tuesday evening, of malignant fever, at the seat of Robert Groinne, esq. at Westchester, Mr. Thomas Arden, of this city, a respectable bookseller.

At Bedford, Westchester county, Mr. Christopher Flanagan, bookseller, of N. York.

On Monday evening, of malignant fever, Mr. Everard Benjamin, of this city, stock broker, a native of Connecticut.

On Monday last, of malignant fever, Mr. Gysbert Newkerk, one of the carriers of the Mercantile Advertiser.

On Friday, 20th inst. of a malignant fever, Mrs. Mary Brown, wife of Capt. Richard Brown.

At Washington, Mr. John Hodgkinson, the celebrated Comedian.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, PARK, *to No.*71 *Nassau-street, where he practices* PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.*——*His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.*——*In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the powe of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.*

*Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respect ive houses, or he may be consulted at No.*71 *Nassau St. where may be had his* ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

The TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No.*64, *Maiden-lane.*

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excrutiating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various meditines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell, Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE.

No. 15, *Thomas-Street, New-York.*

Price, One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's No. 102 *Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers,* 433 *Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stoke & Co's. Medicine Warehouse No.* 20 *Bowery Lane.*

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

BY THE LATE R. MERRY, ESQ.

THE sun was just retir'd, the dews of ev:
The glow-worm lustre scatter'd o'er the vale,
The lonely nightingale began to grieve,
Telling with many a pause her tenderest tale.

No clamors rude disturb'd the pensive hour,
And the young moon yet fearful of the night,
Rear'd her pale crescent o'er the burnish'd tow'r,
That caught the parting orb's still lingering light.

'Twas then, where peasant footsteps marked the way,
A wounded soldier feebly mov'd along,
Nor oft regarded he the soft'ning ray,
Nor the melodious bird's expressive song.

On crutches borne, his mangled limbs he drew,
Unsightly remnants of the battle's rage;
While pity, in his youthful form, might view,
A helpless prematurity of age.

When as with strange contortions laboring slow,
He gain'd the summit of his native hill,
And saw the well known prospect spread below,
The farm, the cot, the hamlet, and the mill,

In spite of fortitude, one struggling sigh,
Shook the firm texture of his tortur'd heart,
And from his hollow and dejected eye
One trembling tear hung ready to depart.

"How chang'd," he cried, "is this fair scene to me"
Since last this narrow path I went;
The soaring lark felt no superior glee,
Nor any human breast more true content.

"When the fresh hay was o'er the meadow strewn,
Amidst the busy throng I still appear'd;
My prowess too, at harvest time was shown,
While Peggy's carol every labor cheer'd.

The burning rays I scarcely seem'd to feel,
If the dear maiden near me chanced to rove,
Or if she deign'd to share my frugal meal,
It was a rich repast——a feast of love.

And when at evening with a rustic's pride,
I dared the sturdiest wrestler on the green:
What joy was mine, to hear her at my side,
Extol my vigor and my manly mein.

Ah! now no more the sprightly lass shall run,
To bid me welcome from the sultry plain;
But her averted eye my sight shall shun,
And all our cheris'd fondest hopes be vain.

Alas! my parents, must ye too endure,
That I should gloom for e'er your homely mirth,
Exist upon the pittance ye procure,
And make me curse the hour that gave me birth,

O hapless day! when at the neighboring wake,
The gaudy sergeant caught my wondering eye,
And as his tongue of war and honor spake,
I felt a wish to conquer or to die.

Then while he bound the ribbons on my brow,
He talk'd of captains kind and comrades good,
Said a whole nation would my fame avow,
And bounty call'd the purchace of my blood.

Yet I refus'd that bounty, I disdain'd
To sell my service in a righteous cause;
And such to my dull sense it was explain'd,
The cause of monarchs, justice, and the laws.

The rattling drums beats loud, the fifes began,
My country's danger seem'd to ask my aid,
Thro' ev'ry vein the thrilling ardor ran,
I left my humble cot, my village maid.

O hapless day! torn from my Peggy's charms,
I thence was hurried to the scene of strife,
To painful marches and the din of arms,
The wreck of reason and the waste of life.

In loathsome vessels now with crowds confin'd,
Now led with hosts to slaughter in the field,
Now backward driven like leaves before the wind,
Too weak to stand and yet ashamed to yield.

Till oft repeated victories inspir'd
With tenfold fury the indignant foe,
Who ruthless still advanc'd as we retir'd,
And laid our boasted, proudest honors low.

Through frozen deserts then compell'd to fly.
Our bravest legions mouldered fast away,
Thousands, of wounds and sickness left to die!
While hovering vultur's mark them for their prey.

Ah! sure remorse their savage breasts must rend,
Whose desperate selfish prenzy could decree;
That in one mass of murder man should blend,
Who sent the slave to fight against the free.

Unequal contest!—at fair FREEDOM's call,
The lowliest kind glows with celestial fire;
She rules, directs, pervades, and conquers all,
And armies at her sacred glance expire.

Then be this warfare of the world accurs'd,
The son now weeps not on the father's bier;
But grey hair'd age, (for nature is revers'd)
Drops o'er his children's grave an icy tear.

Thus having spoke, by varying passions tost,
He reach'd the threshold of his father's shed;
Who knew not of his fate, yet mourn'd him lost,
Amidst the number of the unnam'd dead.

Soon as they heard his well remember'd voice
A ray of rapture chas'd habitual care,
"Our William lives!—we may again rejoice,"
And Peggy sweetly blush'd—for she was there.

But when he entered in such horrid guise,
His mother shriek'd and dropt upon the floor;
His father look'd to heaven with streaming eyes,
And Peggy sunk alas! to rise no more.

O may this tale which agony must close,
Give deep contrition to the self-called great:
And show the poor how hard's the lot of those,
Who shed their blood for ministers of state.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

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July 26, 1803.

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